ten not even within them; even when they quit, their friends can never quite be sure that they are not simply establishing a deeper cover. The CIA is not a profession; it is a way of life.

It is a changing one, however. In the cold-war days—from the CIA's founding in 1947 until, say, the mid-1960s—its emphasis was on covert operations, on spying and, as they came to be nicknamed, "dirty tricks." The mainstay of the agency then was the officer overseas. He bribed the local journalists to plant stories favorable to the United States ("I guess I've bought as much newspaper space as the A&P," chortles a former CIA man), or quietly helped bankroll a political movement that might be of use some day (the headquarters that Charles de Gaulle maintained in Paris until his return to power in 1958 was partially funded by the CIA). The CIA man checked on private lives or credit ratings to see who might be blackmailed or bribed into working as agents. (The agents who volunteered, such as Penkovskiy, were almost always the best—"when you buy a spy," points out a veteran, "you're really renting him until someone comes along who offers him more money.")

Pursuit of a Red-Face

The old-time agent kept an eye on the Russian opposition, with occasionally amusing results. "I remember only too well," recalls a British secret agent, "one occasion when I was on post in Berlin and we were given the word that a 'face' [Soviet double agent] was coming in. My brief was to follow him, to pick him up at a certain house near the border. This I did, and I stayed with this chap for days. Thought I was really on to something. He appeared to have access to U.S. military HQ in Berlin and freedom of the embassy in Bonn. My people were getting terribly excited about the whole thing. We eventually discovered that the chap I was following was CIA, and he was following me, sending in reports about my access to the British Embassy and so on. Never located the face, either."

Occasionally there was derring-do of a more momentous nature—some of it well-known by now. There was the 1953 coup in Iran that returned the Shah to power and thus kept rich oil fields from the Russians, the Guatemala uprising in 1954 that overthrew a leftist government, the 1955-56 Berlin tunnel through which U.S. operatives tapped the telephones from East Berlin to Poland and Moscow—Helms had a hand in planning and executing this affair.

And many exploits have remained obscure. There was, for example, the heretofore untold story of successful intrigue in the Congo. Early in 1961, Antoine Gizenga sprung from the motley ranks of Congolese politics to make his bid for dominance of the infant republic. He had attended the Prague Institute for African Affairs, had spent six weeks in Russia

AP

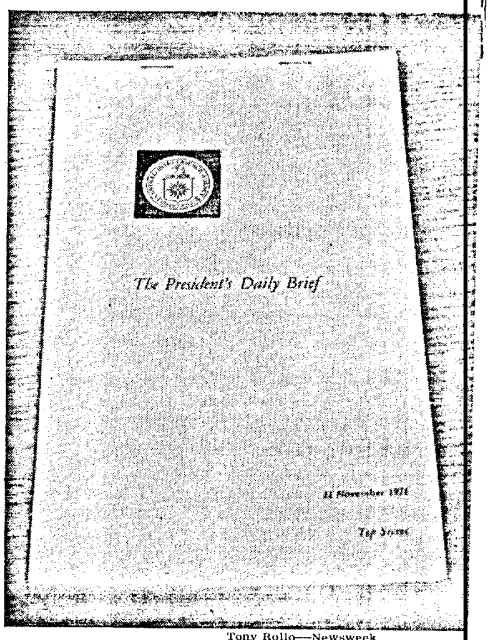
The medium and the message: Henry Kissinger and the top-secret PDB

and was clearly, as Washington saw it, Moscow's new man in the Congo. Gizenga broke away from the United Nations-backed Congolese Government and set up a regime of his own in Oriental Province, arming 6,000 troops with smuggled Russian guns and paying them, thanks to Soviet financing, at the princely rate (for Africa) of $180 a month. The word was sent out from the White House authorizing covert operations to stop him.

It was clear to the CIA that Gizenga's Russian support—both the money and the weapons—was arriving via the Sudan, and a message arrived from friendly European agents that a Czech ship was bound for Port of Sudan with a cargo of guns disguised as Red Cross packages for refugee relief in the Congo. A direct appeal to the port authorities to inspect the crates would never work, the CIA's man in Khartoum realized; the Sudanese would have to be faced with public exposure of the contraband. Appropriate arrangements were made on the wharfs before the Czech ship docked. "If my memory serves me right," a former CIA man says, "it was the second crane load. The clumsy winch operator let the crates drop and the dockside was suddenly covered with new Soviet Kalashnikov rifles."

That left the money. By late in 1961, Gizenga's troops had grown restive: they had not been paid since the first Soviet subsidy arrived months before. Gizenga appealed to Moscow, and KGB operatives obligingly delivered $1 million in U.S. currency to Gizenga's delegation in Cairo. From an agent who had penetrated Gizenga's Cairo office, the CIA learned that a third of the money was to be delivered by a courier who would take a commercial flight to Khartoum, wait in the transit lounge to avoid the baggage search at customs, and then proceed by another plane to Juba, a town on the Congolese border. Plans were laid accordingly.

When the Congolese courier arrived in Khartoum and settled into the transit lounge, his suitcase between his knees, he was startled to hear himself being paged and ordered to proceed immediately to the customs area. After a moment of flustered indecision, he took the bag over to a corner and left it unobtrusively near some lockers before leaving for customs. At that point, a CIA man sauntered out of the men's room, picked up the suitcase, and headed out the back door where two cars were waiting with motors running. Not long afterward, Gizenga's government fell; it was said that his troops suffered from shortages of arms and were upset because they hadn't been paid.



Tony Rollo—Newsweek

Rule of the Knights Templar

These were the glory days, albeit overcast now and then by disasters such as the Bay of Pigs. A rousing sense of mission invigorated the agency then, the camaraderie of unheralded warriors on a lonely battlement of the free world. Few would have expressed it quite that way—spies are an urbane lot on the whole—but that was the spirit of the fraternity, and it called forth a special breed. Mostly Eastern and Ivy League, often well-born and moderately rich, they were moved by a high sense of patriotism and a powerful undercurrent of noblesse oblige. Many of them were veterans of the elite Office of Strategic Services under the colorful "Wild Bill" Donovan during World War II, and they carried forward its high esprit. Men such as Allen Dulles, Kermit Roosevelt, Frank Wisner, Richard Bissell, Tracy Barnes, Robert Amory and Desmond Fitzgerald—the "Knights Templar," one former colleague calls them—ruled the agency in the cold-war days and set its adventurous tone.

But this created problems. The bright young men attracted into the agency tended to assume that the road to advancement lay strewn with "dirty tricks." Trained to bribe, recruit and suborn, that is precisely what they did when they were sent into the field, even when the